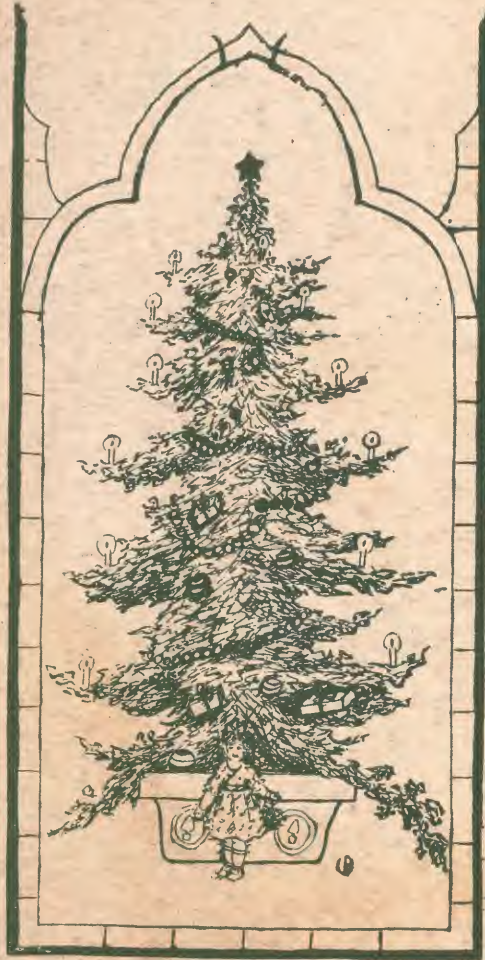


*Dorothy Montgomery*

# *Reveille*

**Christmas**



**1919**

*Newark High School*  
*Newark, Ohio*

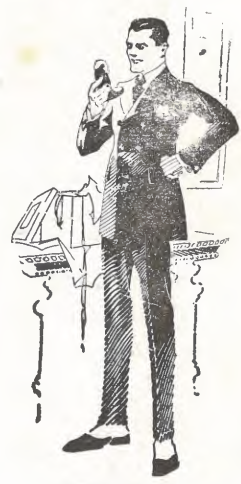


THE M.H. *Mueller Studio* 35 ARCADE  
*Newark*  
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**Sittings made up to December 20 can be  
Finished for Christmas**

### Class

Is reflected in the superior style accomplishments of our New Fall Suits. The woolens are handsome, the tailoring attainments give them enduring shapeliness and niceness of fit. We can serve you well.



The Stein-Block Co. 1919

# HERMANN

THE CLOTHIER.

"Where Quality and Service Count"

## YOUNG FOLKS

The furnishing of your home is one of the most important steps in starting married life.

The oldest furniture stand in Newark is at 39 South 3rd Street.

We have five floors with everything that is new and up-to-date in

### Furniture, Rugs and Stoves

Why not buy where you can have a large assortment to select from? Try it once and see.

## C. L. GAMBLE

39 South Third Street

"Don't Gamble—Buy From Him"

## At The Wm. E. Miller Hardware Co.'s Store

You will find as fine a line of Beautiful and Useful Articles for Holiday and Wedding Presents, consisting of Roger Bros. 1847 Silverware, Community Silver, Manning, Bowman & Co., Percolators, Casseroles, Coffee and Tea Pots, Wagner Cast Aluminum, Alladin Aluminum, Pyrex Baking Ware, Roasters in great varieties, Waffle Irons, Fine Cutlery, Safety Razors, Flash Lights. Our line is THE BEST that money can buy.

**Wm. E. Miller Hardware Company**

25 South Park Place

We are exclusive agents for America's Finest Bicycle

## The Dayton

The Dayton is the only Bicycle in America that is guaranteed by the manufacturer for five years

Everything in Practical  
Auto Supplies

**Newark Auto Supply Company**

TRACEY & BELL

77 East Main Street

Opposite Post Office

Cheerful Christmas  
and  
Prosperous 1920  
are the wishes to you from



Studio of Photography  
Newark, Ohio

# CARROLL'S

## NEW VICTOR RECORDS

### For Holiday Dances

### A Quartette of New Medley Fox Trots

That will help you keep step with the spirit of the coming festive days.

"Alcoholic Blues" and "Jerry" } #18617, 85c  
Both played by the All Star Trio }

"Tulip Time" and "Yellow Dog Blues" } #18618, 85c  
Both played by Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra }

Come in and hear all the December records

## John J. Carroll's Victrola Store

53 Hudson Avenue

*"Say it with Flowers"*

# Halbrooks

*The  
Florist*

*Say it With Flowers*

Store 12 East Church Street

# Newark Wall Paper Co.

Paper Hangings,  
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29 W. Main St. - Newark, Ohio

# Reveille

Vol. 10, No. 2

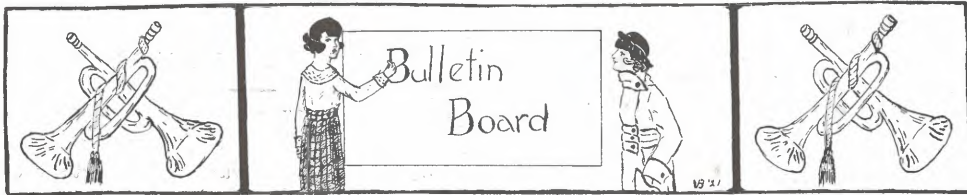
DECEMBER 1919

Fifty cents a year

Published six times a year by the students of Newark Ohio High School

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VIRGINIA BROWNE, '21	



## The Reveille Wishes You a Merry Christmas

### BASKETBALL FOR 1919-20.

Because of the accident resulting in the death of Raymond Kelsey of Delaware, it was decided to cancel all the remaining football games for this season. On account of this, basket ball practice was started November 3rd. Bert Wilson is captain of the school team for this year. The following dates have been booked for this season:

Jan. 9—London at Newark.  
Jan. 16—Zanesville at Zanesville.  
Jan. 23—Doane at Granville.  
Jan. 30—Springfield at Newark.  
Feb. 6—Zanesville at Newark.  
Feb. 13—Springfield at Springfield.  
Feb. 14—London at London.  
Feb. 20—Marietta at Newark.  
Feb. 27—Doane at Newark.  
Mar. 5—Tournament at Delaware.

As the first regular game is not until January, a series of inter-class games are to be played to keep up the interest that has been displayed in athletics this year.

“Reveille” advertising is the one recognized method of reaching student trade.

Jan. 5—End of the Christmas holidays.

Jan. 23—Lecture Course, Frank Bohn.

Feb. 3—Lecture Course, Ida Tarbell.

Probably no one is able to give the woman's point of view of current questions better than Ida Tarbell, who will speak here February 3rd.

At the time of going to press, the Board of Education has not decided when the Christmas vacation begins.

Newark Hi has a hard-working debate class this year. We expect two winning teams. Some new songs would add greatly to the enthusiasm of the school on the eventful night of the triangular debates.

Some clever cartoons have been printed in this issue. These cartoons advocate not a dress reform, but a hair-dressing reform. The girl's ear puffs successfully hide her ears, while the small hair cap with a seam in the middle shows that girls are not the only ones who go to extremes. Do these cartoons have any message to you?

(See page 40 for Honor Roll)



### THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

When the reader glances at the heading of this editorial, he will probably say, "What an old title, I read one on that same subject last year." True, but the Christmas spirit never grows old. For nineteen hundred years it has endured, and it will endure until the end of time. The wonder of His birth and the blessings which His spirit has brought are even more a source of joy today than then.

The Christmas spirit is the spirit of rejoicing. It is rejoicing over the birth of the Christ-child. Nineteen hundred and nineteen years ago the shepherds rejoiced on the plains of Judea over the birth of the Son of God. Now we, nineteen centuries later, rejoice over the anniversary of His birth. On the plains of Judea it was the fulfillment of the promise of a Messiah. Israel had waited long for him and was growing anxious. What, then, must have been the joy of those simple shepherds to learn of the birth of the Promised One.

In the olden days it was the custom to distribute gifts when one was to celebrate some feast-day. That custom is still continued at Christmas time. We give presents to one another to show that we rejoice in the birth of Christ.

To rejoice, we must be happy, and to be happy, we must give happiness to others. That is the true Christmas spirit. We should not give presents merely from a sense of duty, but because we really wish to make someone happy by remembering him on Christmas day. Nor should we give extravagant presents, for they cannot be too severely condemned. They have not the true spirit of Christmas. Let our gifts, then, be rather tangible evidence to our friends that, in our joy, we remember them, and wish to share our happiness with them.

Let us all do our part in showing we

possess the true Christmas spirit. Let us each try to give happiness to some one on Christmas day, for in no better way can we express the true spirit of Christmas.

### A YEAR OF PEACE.

Just a little over one year ago marked the signing of the armistice and the closing of the greatest war in the history of the world. In this great conflict over fifty thousands of the finest and noblest men of our country made the supreme sacrifice in order that liberty and justice might not perish.

How soon we forget! On Armistice Day the day which certainly should have been celebrated on a large scale, we seemed to forget that some honor was due our heroes, and we calmly went on with our business schemes and enterprises. We were seemingly forgetful of what that meant to us. How did this spirit affect those homes where boys had made the supreme sacrifice? The majority of people did not seem to realize the significance of that date.

The past year might well be contrasted with the years of conflict and turmoil immediately preceding it. Our boys have returned from Europe and the great training camps in this country. We no longer live in constant dread that, at any moment, we may receive news of fatalities incurred at the front. Our boys no longer leave day by day to take part in the great conflict. We no longer bid them good-bye, not knowing whether they will return. Once again we may safely cross the ocean without fear of submarines or mines. No longer do we read of battles in which the casualty list mounts into the thousands, or of vessels blown to bits by enemy mines.

It must be remembered, however, that the year since the armistice was signed





has not been one of ideal peace. The treaty has not yet been ratified here. Revolution and anarchy exist in Europe and are imperiling our own land. There is a scarcity of food. There is a condition of internal unrest.

Yet, as Christmas approaches, we should be profoundly thankful that we are no longer sending our boys overseas day by day to be tortured by gas and shell, and, all too often, to give their lives for their country's cause. It is a time when we should resolve to be fair and loyal to our government, and to do our utmost to bring about an adjustment of those troubles that threaten the nation. Therefore, let this Christmas find us deeply thankful for existing conditions, and let us strive in every way to better these conditions during the coming year.

The editors of the "Reveille" are extremely anxious to locate ability wherever they can find it, both for the literary and artistic departments of the paper. The paper is essentially the school's paper, not the staff's, and as such its success rests with the school and the school alone,

Dear Santa Claus:

When Christmas comes, will you please bring some of the N. H. S. boys more hair and some of the girls ears? Perhaps the boys want to wear various colored tam-o'-shanters, like the girls, to keep their heads warm, so they are shaving part of their hair off in order to have an excuse for wearing them. Maybe the girls don't care to wear hats this winter. Won't you help them out?

Sincerely,

A. SENIOR.

An English inventor's camera resembles a short telescope and takes pictures at right angles to its user's vision without the subject's knowledge.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

This might be a useful article for some of the pupils of Newark High School who have been snapping their teachers un-awares.

There is a city ordinance in many of our cities requiring that bull dogs be muzzled at all times. Why not provide some of our honored and esteemed N. H. S. teachers with a supply of muzzles for obstreperous pupils. Think it over,

### BETTER ENGLISH WEEK.

Recently Better English Week was observed all over the United States. It was a part of a nation-wide movement to improve everyone's English. In many cities the campaign was taken into the homes and places of business, and was made a community movement. In Newark, however, it was observed principally in the schools. In all the classes of the High School special emphasis was placed on correct English. Chapel was held three times that week, and different speakers addressed the school on this subject.

But what can one week do? It can merely emphasize the most common faults; for we make so many mistakes, that to correct them in a week, was almost impossible. We must keep on if we wish to derive any benefit from this movement. If each one of us eliminates two mistakes each week, before long there will be none to correct. When we are correcting ourselves we shall not slur over some error and say, "I'll not do that again," but we should go back and say it right, while we are thinking about it. If we slur over all our mistakes each time we make them, we shall make little progress towards better English.

In the business world, good English is of prime importance. The chances of obtaining a good position are few if one cannot speak his mother-tongue correctly. An employer reasons this way: If he is not able to speak good English he is not capable of holding a responsible position. Some people will say: "Look at So-an-So, he makes 'barrels' of money, and yet he says 'aint'." But that man will tell you he made it in spite of his poor English, not because of it. Usually, he has not had the opportunity to improve his English while young, and when he grew older, it was almost impossible. Shall we throw away the opportunity which that man lacked?

Good English has its social value. On meeting persons, we judge them by two things, their appearance and their speech. Others judge us the same way. If we speak poor English, they usually get a bad opinion which once formed is very hard to change. We all want to make good friends, and in trying to do this, we must not overlook the importance of correct English.

Then there is another aspect to the question: that of saying something when we speak. We should be able to make other people understand what we mean.

How often do we hear, "That's what I meant, anyway!" We must be able to say what we mean, and say it clearly so others may understand what we mean. That is the purpose of language—to convey the thoughts of one person to another. Grammatically correct English and clear expression of thought go hand in hand. We cannot have one without the other. Grammatically correct English is the tool with which we work; clear expression of thought is that masterpiece which we wish to complete. If we do not have the tools, how can we finish our work? Now, when such an opportunity has been presented to obtain those tools, why should we hesitate to acquire them?

### THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

The results of the Thanksgiving offering as stated in the news column were very gratifying. It has been the custom in the High School for the past number of years to give a voluntary contribution to aid the little poor children of the city to come to school during the cold winter months.

This year our contributions are needed very, very badly, because of the very high cost of the necessities of life. Therefore we are especially glad that the contributions this year have been so large.

This offering shows not only thought for others, that others besides ourselves may enjoy the better side of life; but also school spirit. We are always talking about this elusive thing, school spirit, and surely, this generous giving has added somewhat to it.

We trust that no one will fail to read "Christmas Day With the A. E. F." in this issue. This is not an imaginary tale but, on the contrary, it is the very real experience of a real boy, Ralph Ferris. Ralph is new to N. H. S. this year, coming to us from Utica. He saw most of the heavy action in France during the war and was on the firing line when, on November 11, 1918, the order came to cease firing. His account is certainly very interesting and we surely appreciate his excellent contribution.

Owing to the artistic haircuts which some of our boys recently acquired, we have discovered that hair is man's as well as woman's crowning glory. Also, we might add, as a paraphrase of an old quotation: "Hair covereth a multitude of sins."

WATCH YOUR SPEECH!!!

A great deal of favorable comment has been heard in the halls of the school in reference to the artistic cover of the November issue of the "Reveille." This was the work of our senior artist, Eleanore Hubbard, '21. Our other artist, Virginia Browne, '21, is also doing exceedingly good work.

One of the members of the faculty of our beloved school recently remarked that she used to think a class of Freshmen was the worst catastrophe that could befall an overworked teacher, but that she has recently changed her mind and she now thinks that no class could be worse than some of her grave and dignified Senior classes.

Someone suggests an open season for closed mouths. We heartily second the motion.

There is a certain prominent business house in this country which refers in its advertisements to the "Swift dollars." This firm is surely behind the times, for everyone else is surely aware of the "Swift dollar." Every dollar is a swift one to most of us and oh, how fast it does go!

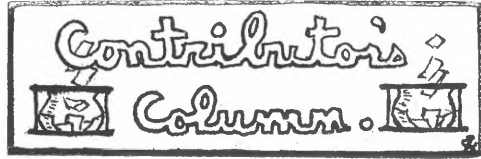
Cheer up! Pumpkin pies are ripe.

If the price of eggs increases any more, we shall soon see them on sale at Kresge's jewelry counters.

When we sing the "Marsellaise" in chapel it sounds as if, instead of singing "To arms, to arms, ye brave," we were substituting, 'To class, to class, ye students.'

We read that the census-takers receive from to four to six cents for each name they obtain. After that last test grade we received, we are glad to know that some one thinks we are worth that much, anyway.

The other day we overheard a little boy, about five years old say, "Sugar is scarce, butter is scarce, eggs are scarce—everything is scare. But there is plenty of school." What wisdom for one so young!



To the Editor:

I doubt if the many excellent art productions in the halls and class rooms of Newark High School are appreciated by the pupils as they should be. A study of them will not only add to one's knowledge of art, but it will be a source of real enjoyment. Suppose we take time as we go about the building, to get acquainted with these various pictures and reproductions of sculpturing.

The Parthenon, a picture of which hangs to the left of Room 2 as you enter, is of interest not only because of its architectural features, but because of the history of the building.

The Parthenon, the first monument of ancient architecture, is a celebrated Grecian temple of Athens, the remains of which stand on the Acropolis at Athens. It is built of white marble from the quarries of Mount Pentelicus and is in the Doric style. Originally it had eight columns on each of the two fronts with seventeen on the sides; thirty-two of these columns are now standing. The length of the Parthenon is 228 feet, its width 101 feet, and its height to the apex of the pediments is 64 feet.

Phidias, the Greek sculptor, created the figures of the pediments and the frieze of the Parthenon. The frieze was around the walls of the temple. It was three feet four inches in height and five hundred twenty feet in length. It represented in relief an Athenian procession. A festival was held in Athens every four years in honor of Athena, the patron goddess of Athens. It ended in a procession in which all people took part. It is this procession which Phidias represented in the frieze. The object of the procession was to convey in solemn state to the temple of Athens the peplus, or sacred veil, upon which some mythological subject had been embroidered by virgins chosen from the best families of Athens. On the west of the Parthenon the frieze represented the procession as forming. Some are mounting horses, some seem to be waiting for friends, others are holding back their impatient steeds. There are two streams of the procession on the north and on the south sides. On the north are horsemen, victors of the games in chariots with drivers, and representatives of the alien residents in Attica, who

were obliged to bear sunshades, chairs, vases, saucers, etc., to remind them of their dependent positions; on the south we have again horsemen and chariots, led by the presiding magistrates of Athens, with deputations from the colonies bringing cattle sent to be sacrificed on the occasion. On the east are the twelve gods, virgins carrying gifts, and the chief magistrates who marshal the two streams of the procession. In the center the priests receive the sacred peplos from the hands of the boy. The reins of the horses, the staffs, and other accessories, now missing, were of metal; the hair and draperies were gilded and colored.

Above Rooms 5 and 6 and in 9 are reproductions of the frieze on the west. Notice that the procession is forming.

Phidias also created the figures of the triangular pediments over the east and west front. The figures in the west pediment represent the birth of Athena, and those in the east the contest with Poseidon for the patronage of Athens.

Within the Parthenon was a statue of Athena which was also executed by Phidias.

The Parthenon stood for more than two thousand years, having served as a pagan temple, a Christian church, and a Mohammedan mosque. In 1687 it was made to serve as a powder magazine for the Turks in a war with the Venetians. It was soon destroyed by a bomb and more than half of this wonderful masterpiece was shattered into fragments.

Some of the remains of the frieze were acquired by Lord Elgin, with the permission of the Turkish government, and in 1816 were bought for the British Museum where they may be seen today. The rest are in their original positions on the building or in the Acropolis Museum.

Mildred Parks, '22.

Editor of the "Reveille":

It seems to me that someone is always picking on the girls in this column for one thing or another. If the initials of the authors were full names it would be seen that ninety-nine per cent. of these scribes are of the masculine gender. I make a suggestion that if this continues some fluent girl write an article on flowered or otherwise glaring neckties, shirt-stripe combinations, gloriously colored sweaters, some hair-cuts and above all — socks! Ringed socks, blue socks, green socks, pink socks! I am sure it would be a very interesting article—to some!

E. M. H., '21.

Editor of the "Reveille":

November 5th, day after election day, I noticed a number of young men of our Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes having very simple hair-cuts, mainly I believe by some unskilled "barbers." I wonder if these pupils paid for their 'hair-cuts,' got them on credit or "otherwise." I heard some of them say that some of our dignified Seniors did the "barbering," but of course they would all blame it on the Seniors because they are the upper classmen and do not like to respect them.

In reading an article in this department last issue I noticed that the "Freshies" said the Seniors were not "so much" after all. Well I myself think now that the "Freshies" have changed their attitude toward the Seniors and won't try to "scare" us by their actions or threats after they were initiated election night into N. H. S.

Now "Freshies" get some spirit and make yourselves part of our school, and take part in athletics, minstrels, societies and the like and help us win some basket ball games this season. There are plenty of chances for Freshmen and we want you to co-operate with us in all of our activities. Don't be bashful, step right up into line and show us that you are a part of N. H. S.

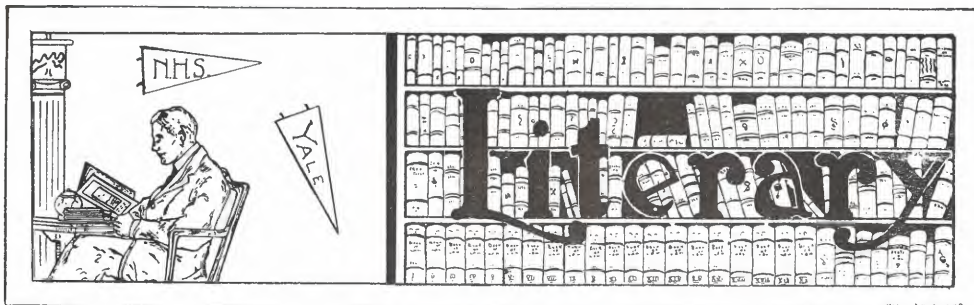
R. B. C., '20.

Editor of the "Reveille":

There are about eight hundred pupils in Newark High School of whom probably from sixty to seventy-five have systematic physical training in the organized athletics of the school. This condition exists in most high schools of the country. Nothing is being done for more than ninety per cent. of the pupils and those ninety per cent. are generally the ones that need the training most. The reason generally given for this condition is the expense of necessary equipment. An eminent authority on Education of values states we have had false standards regarding the necessary equipment and that for development work nothing more is needed than a room where pupils can change from good to old clothes, as the best type of exercise can be taken in organizing cross-country hikes. He even contends that this should be done on many days when the weather is inclement.

Newark High School ought to have a gymnasium where the corrective work

(Continued on page 38)



### CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE A. E. F.

After many pleasant dreams of the good things that awaited us upon our arrival in our native land, we awoke on Christmas morning, nineteen hundred and eighteen, my bunkie and I, to find ourselves in a dimly lighted chamber of one of the very old, towering, weather-beaten, abandoned chateaus in that devastated section of France between the cities of Verdun and St. Michiel. And, as there had been no reveille to disturb our peaceful slumbers on this lonesome and foggy Christmas morning, we had been awakened by the dim light streaming through a huge shell-hole in the ceiling above us. We immediately climbed out of our bunks and soon had a good fire burning in the old, smoky fireplace, as the ground outside was covered with a soft, thin coating of snow and the air was very brisk and chilly. The small flakes could be seen whirling swiftly through the air, so a warm fire was very much appreciated.

We were in very good spirits, hustling through our morning's work, and we were looking forward to the coming events of the day as they were to be an agreeable change from our daily routine. The events were to be announced at breakfast. After hastily plunging our faces and hands into the water of the stream outside, we were ready to devour a hearty breakfast of bacon, prunes, bread and coffee.

As the hours dragged heavily on our hands, we put in the time by playing cards or checkers after we had finished breakfast. In a good many billets could be heard the bing! bing! of hammers, as they came down on the French coin which was being pounded into a souvenir ring by some persevering rookie.

After what seemed ages to us, the hour of eleven arrived; and with it the joy and satisfaction of receiving our long-awaited Christmas packages. A great number had gathered in front of the or-

derly room, but only about two-thirds of the boys received packages. Some seemed to be sorry, some looked very much disappointed, a few sauntered off, muttering to themselves, while some others did not seem to care at all. But those of us who did receive packages from home were very jubilant and happy. Some divided with those who did not receive any, others treated the little French kiddies who had been regarding us with large and eager eyes. The kiddies voiced their thanks with songs and dancing to repay their American friends.

But all gradually disappeared into their billets and soon one could hear the rattle of mess-kits. Everyone was preparing for a grand rush to the mess-line, as the first in line are the first served. Nearly everyone was in line at eleven-thirty, feeling happy and contented for the first time in many days. From time to time, while waiting in line for dinner, some husky would yell, "Why don't ye blow mess-call?" "Wake up the bugler." "Blow soupy." These remarks could be heard at intervals all along the line. (We should be sorry for the bugler).

Twelve o'clock finally rolled around, and as mess-call sounded, our line made a final dash for the mess-hall. The K. P.'s were soon heaping the mess-kits with mashed potatoes, gravy, steak, celery, pudding, and cookies. Those who were always dissatisfied and were inclined to grumble, thinking they were being slighted a little, could occasionally be heard voicing their troubles. But in general everyone was happy and well pleased, and the general remark was, "Gee, look wot I got! Some dinner, eh boy?" After supplying the wants of a hearty appetite, everyone was content and anxious to take part in the event of the afternoon, which was to be a wild boar hunt in charge of some Frenchmen.

(Continued on page 32)

## PIERRE THE TRAPPER.

A young man of jovial countenance strode out of the little settlement, carrying only a small pack on his back, and a rifle. From all sides he was addressed, sometimes by one name, sometimes by another, but upon inquiry, a stranger would have been told that he was Pierre, a most successful hunter and trapper, and one of the most influential men of that region.

Upon his return, after quite an absence, as he was trading in a bundle of furs, he saw a stranger, who was as pretty a girl as he had ever imagined. Upon inquiry, it developed that she had come to the settlement just after he had left it, and that her name was Elsie. At the sight of her, Pierre was immediately smitten with love. However, in reply to his courteous "How-de-do," all he received was a snippy toss of the head. He was greatly at loss to know why he was snubbed, and it was many a day before he found out. Nevertheless, he still continued to address her in the same manner, daily hoping for some slight return of his greetings.

After six months after Elsie's appearance, Pierre's routine was disturbed by a most unwelcome fact. Someone was systematically robbing his traps! In the hope of catching the thief, he set one of his traps so that it would mark the animal in a peculiar way, which would leave no doubt as to the trap from which it had been taken. He even left an animal in this trap, in the hope that it would be robbed the same as the others. When next he visited the trap, it was empty, much to his delight. Now, so he reasoned, all he would have to do would be to watch the trading post for the pelt to come in. For the next month he haunted the post, but no skin that in any way resembled the one that was stolen was traded in. After watching numberless catches, he decided to go on the next post, in the hope of finding the lost pelt there. Upon his arrival, he immediately sorted all the furs, where, to his great delight, he found the one in question. However, now that he had found the hide, how was he to know who brought it in? That was a question that was not to be answered for a long time.

Upon careful questioning, he ascertained that a stranger had been coming in quite regularly, but that he never spoke an unnecessary word, and for that reason no one knew much about him. He also seemed rather restless, and his glances were al-

(Continued on page 34, 2nd Col.)

## TO RUSSIA'S AID.

One day last March there rushed down the main street of Moscow a great mob, clamoring for food. Men, women, and children were caught in the torrent, and borne hither and thither like straws in a whirlpool. When it reached the Soviet headquarters, the mob stopped, while the air was filled with cries of "Food! Food! Give us food." In a few minutes Lenine appeared, and in a short time he had quieted the crowd.

Among the spectators was Kyril Kiransk, a young man about twenty-seven years of age. With his brown suit, his swarthy complexion, his brown hair, he seemed a study in brown. After the mob had dispersed, he entered the Soviet building and asked for Lenine. In a few minutes he was admitted into his presence. Kyril advanced and said, "Lenine, don't you remember your old friend of New York?"

"Is it you? I wouldn't have known you," answered Lenine. "And yet I lived with you in New York. Did you come to help Russia?"

"Yes," said Kyril, "I have. I was drafted into the American army and sent to Archangel, but I wouldn't fight my own countrymen; so I deserted and came here. If I can help you in any way, let me know about it."

"All right, if I find anything, I'll let you know about it."

"You can find me at the Nevskii Hotel," said Kyril. "Good-bye."

The next day Kyril received orders to raise troops in ——. When he arrived there, he found the same trouble—lack of food—that he had seen in Moscow. In spite of this, however, he managed to raise the troops wanted. This done, he returned to Moscow. From there he was sent to other cities to raise troops.

While resting in Moscow between orders, he took advantage of his fine opportunity to see the city. Affairs were in a terrible state. The Kremlin, that monument to Russia's glorious past, had been bombarded and the magnificent churches looted. Everything suggestive of auto-cracy had been demolished or covered up. Famous statues had been thrown down or covered with hideous red cloth stretched on wooden scaffolding. Everywhere he went, everything was suggestive of ruin and decay. One day, after he had inspected the Kremlin, he began to think: "Is bolshevism what Russia really needs?"

(Continued on page 27)

## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE.

In the year 1788 I was traveling by coach from York to London. We were not far from London in a district where a villainous band had been operating for some time.

The conversation soon turned to the actions of this band and I was not a little nervous as I had quite a sum of money with me, and even went so far as to say so. A woman, evidently of some rank, who sat opposite me suggested that I put it in my boot as it would be safer there than elsewhere. I had no more than done so when the coach came to a sudden stop, and a masked robber strode in. Upon his demanding our money, the woman before mentioned suggested that I had some money in my boot, and I of course was forced to give up my money and we proceeded on our way. My betrayer would give absolutely no reason for her action but asked us all to dine at her town house in London the next evening. The address she gave I knew to be in a very fashionable district of London. We soon reached London, where we parted, each promising to be present the next evening.

Nearly all the party was present the next evening. The house was all that taste and wealth could make it and furnished in oriental magnificence. I was greatly attracted by the paintings and tapestries, there being some by great masters. We had a very delightful dinner and soon after withdrew to the drawing room to hear the explanation of the previous day's happening.

When we were all ready, our hostess addressed us as follows: "I am the Duchess d'Meryonvilliers, wife of the duke who is now a minister in the French cabinet. My home is in Paris and I have lived there all my life, except for frequent trips on the continent. As some of you may already know, my husband's family has for several centuries had three very valuable rubies, known as the d'Meryonvilliers rubies." Here she drew forth a small Russian leather box, six by four by three inches. She opened it, disclosing a miniature iron cofret which she also opened, showing three small velvet bags.

"This cofret," she said, "was the property of Godfrey of Boullion and dates from the eleventh century."

She opened the first of the velvet bags and drew forth a ruby which sparkled and glowed like a coal.

"This," she said, "is a wonderful ruby,

(Continued on page 31)

## MOSE.

Mose was not a member of that renowned race which wandered forty years in the wilderness, neither did he belong to the negro race which one might suppose from his name. Mose was not even a white person. He was just a plain, common, every-day dog with big paws and a long tail. He had never won a blue ribbon at a dog show. He didn't sleep on a velvet cushion. He didn't have a dainty appetite, in fact, he ate anything from chicken feathers to ice-picks. Mose could sit up in a corner and shake hands, but there his accomplishments ended.

This marvelous dog was owned by a girl named Rosalie Benton, who lived on a large farm near the country town of Wharton. She and her dog were great pals, and everywhere that Rosalie went, Mose went, too.

One evening near the end of August, Rosalie's father said, "I have some news for you. An aeroplane will be in Wharton next week. As our land is best suited, it will probably land here."

Now, if there was anything Rosalie was interested in, it was an aeroplane. Mose liked them, too. He thought they were great birds flying in the air. How he longed to catch one by the tail and chew its wings.

On the following Monday the aeroplane landed on the Benton farm. Rosalie and her father, Mose tagging along behind, went out to see it. When Mose cast his eyes upon the plane, his tail drooped, his hair stood on end and he cowered down at his mistress' feet. The bird which Mose had longed to catch had grown into a monster, and he shook with fear. However, after a little coaxing on the part of Rosalie and the aviator, Mose became less afraid and was soon running around the plane, barking and snapping at it, having the time of his life.

After making arrangements for Rosalie to go up the next day, she and her father went home, leaving Mose to investigate the mysteries of the plane.

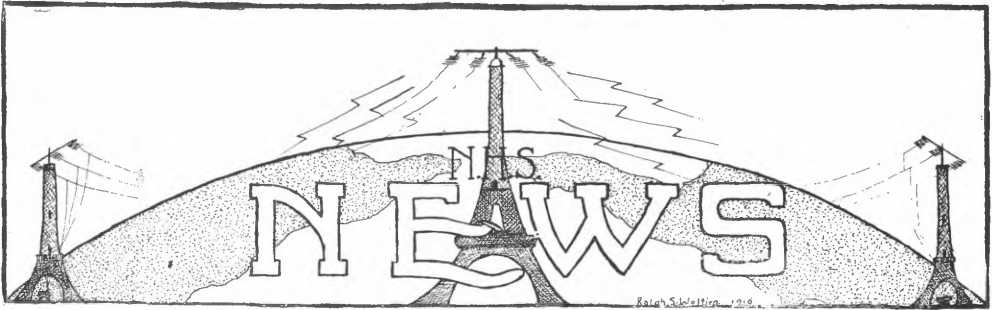
That evening Rosalie said to her father, "When I go up tomorrow, father, I'm going to take Mose."

"That is impossible, my dear, the dog would be in the way."

"No he wouldn't father," pleaded Rosalie, "and besides I've heard of a cat that went up in an aeroplane, so why shouldn't Mose?"

And as Rosalie was an only child, her

(Continued on page 34)



### NEWSPAPER CONVENTION.

A convention of representatives of high school publications was held at Western Reserve University November 7th and 8th. The convention was held under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, an honorary journalistic fraternity. There were about fifty delegates present, most of whom represented schools in the northern half of Ohio. About twenty-three high schools were represented. Ralph Allen and John Upham were sent as delegates from Newark High School.

The convention began Friday evening with a "get-together supper," at which a number of prominent newspaper men of Cleveland spoke. Charles F. Thewing, President of Western Reserve University, welcomed the delegates. E. C. Hopwood, Managing Editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, outlined briefly the preparation necessary for newspaper work. Editor Morgan of the Cleveland Press spoke of the methods of getting news; he also explained the duties of the editor of a newspaper. Benjamin Karr, editorial writer of the Cleveland News, gave fully the importance of the editorial. Sidney S. Wilson, Vice-President of the Advertising Club of America, closed the evening's program with a very interesting talk on advertising.

Saturday morning at a business session talks about high school publications were given by university men; they were followed by discussion among the delegates. Following the meeting, a visit was made to the Cleveland Museum of Art. After lunch the delegates were taken through the plant of the Cleveland Press and shown the modern methods of publishing a newspaper. The convention closed with the Western Reserve-Kenyon football game.

The convention will be made an annual affair.

### ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL.

The call for money to establish a Roosevelt Memorial did not meet with quite the enthusiasm which the committee in charge had hoped that it would. A sum, however, sufficiently substantial to secure a fitting memorial to this world-famous man has been raised.

Two forms of a memorial are under consideration. A monument in Washington may be erected or the Roosevelt home and grounds at Oyster Bay may be made into a national memorial, maintained and preserved in the same way that Mount Vernon is. It is most fitting, however, that some lasting memorial should be erected to Theodore Roosevelt's memory.

School children all over the country have contributed to this fund. The schools of this city, through small donations, none exceeding ten cents, raised the sum of \$179.50 toward Licking County's apportionment. The high school's contribution to this fund amounted to \$41.60.

The Civic Society enjoyed a masquerade party in the high school auditorium, Friday evening, November 7th. The costumes were unique and afforded much amusement. The early part of the evening was spent in games and contests, and later refreshments were served. The party was chaperoned by Miss Moore. The society had as its guest Miss Roberta Abernethy, who is a Sophomore in North High, Columbus. Miss Abernethy was visiting Miss Moore.

### THALIAN TAG DAY.

The Thalian Literary Society held its second Tag Day November 22nd for the benefit of the Public Library. This year's donation is \$841; exceeding last year's by \$34.

The Thalian girls wish to thank the Women's Clubs for the refreshments they served throughout the day at the Masonic Temple.



### THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

The full report of all the schools had not been received by Mr. Barnes at 3:30 Wednesday, November 26th, when this issue went to press; but at that time the indications were that the Thanksgiving Offering was nearly double last year's, which was the best up to that time.

The high school gave by rooms as follows: Room 12, \$41.85 (which includes \$10.00 offered to the room with the largest total); Room 7, \$29.16; Room 1, \$21.29; Room 4, \$19.20 (this includes \$5 given for largest per capita amount); Room 2, \$13.83; Room 13, \$13.40; Room 26, \$13.12; Room 19, \$13.10; Room 11, \$13.10; Room 15, \$12.75; Room 6, \$10.00; Room 17, \$7.35; Room 5, \$7.03; Room 20, \$6.85; Room 8, \$6.23; Room 27, \$5.00. A total of \$233.26, which is just about \$150 better than last year.

### IDA M. TARBELL.

Ida M. Tarbell, who will lecture in the high school auditorium, February 3rd, is one of the best known women in the country.

Miss Tarbell was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, in 1857. Her college education was received at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. From this college she received her A. M., M. A., and L.L. D. degrees. From 1891 to 1894 Miss Tarbell studied in Paris. Upon her return to this country she became associate editor of McClure's Magazine; she held that position for two years. From 1906 to 1915 Miss Tarbell was associate editor of the American Magazine. During the war Miss Tarbell was Vice-President of the Women's Committee of the National Council of Defense at Washington. Early in 1919 Miss Tarbell went to Paris to report the Peace Conference for a number of different publications. Miss Tarbell has written a number of books, among which are "A History of Abraham Lincoln" and "A History of the Standard Oil Company."

No one should miss hearing this famous woman. Her lecture will be of particular interest to those who wish to know a woman's opinion of current happening.

### N. H. S. NEWS.

Miss Esther Rickert entertained Friday evening, October 24th, with a farewell party in honor of Miss Dorothy Dewey,

who left a few days later to spend the winter in California.

Misses Eleanor and Dorothy Hubbard delightfully entertained with a Hallowe'en party on Friday evening, October 31st, at their home on Hudson Avenue.

The principals of the three high schools met Saturday, November 22nd, in Mr. Moninger's office to make plans for the triangular debate which is given each year. No definite arrangements were made.

### FRESHMEN! DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE?

Each Freshman should become acquainted with the purposes of the different high school organizations. Read the following, then get busy and qualify for that society in which you are the most interested.

The Thalian Literary Society, an organization of girls, was founded in 1910. The purposes of this society are to promote scholarship and to give instruction in the common rules of order adopted by all regularly organized bodies. In order to become a member of this society, the average grade must be eighty in the Freshman and Sophomore years; in addition to this, each girl must have a good moral standing. The critics of the society are Miss Booth and Miss Jones.

The Athenian Literary Society grew from the Boys' Science Club, which was organized in 1908. The purpose of the society is to promote interest in debating and public speaking. The society requires that those desiring to become members must have all grades passing, with at least three grades above eighty. The critic of the society is Mr. Swank.

The Civic Society was organized five years ago. The main purpose of the society is to train its members for citizenship. The Civic Society also acquaints its members with parliamentary law. The members of the Civic Society are representative Newark High pupils. Their classroom work averages above eighty. The critic of this society is Miss Moore.

The Dramatic Club was organized March 5, 1919. The purpose of this club is to study the drama. No critic has been named.

We learn from the last issue of *The Elyrian* that among the students of Elyria High School there are some efficient cartoonists.



### STRIKING STUDENTS EXPELLED FROM SCHOOL.

Approximately eighty junior students of the Hamilton High School were expelled from school for celebrating the armistice anniversary instead of being in school. The students were told not to return until brought back by their parents. A number of the students called at the mayor's office and were told that inasmuch as it was a legal holiday, they were probably justified in celebrating it.

### MANSFIELD TO HAVE NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

The \$1,000,000 bond issue for use in erecting a new high school and for building additions to various grade school buildings was passed on November 4th by a vote of 3,722 to 1,054, or, as Mr. Helter says, "Three and a half to one, with thirty-three left over." Evidently Mansfield thinks us "worth a million."

Mr. Helter and Mr. Whitehouse have worked diligently and conscientiously ever since last spring to put this bond issue across. Evidently the Wednesday morning mass meetings with representatives of the various Mansfield organizations have accomplished their purpose.

We, the students of M. H. S., extend our heartiest thanks to any and every one who was instrumental in putting across such a well-earned and much-needed issue.

### THE OTHER FELLOW'S VIEWPOINT.

Are you able to see more than your own side of things in your relations with the other men of your acquaintance? Can you see yourself as he sees you, not as the man you think you are but at your actual, intrinsic value? One of the big assets of a college education, which is really worth while, is the ability to grasp both sides of a question, to see it in a mirror as it were, and to act accordingly.

—*Purdue Exponent.*

### CAREERS.

Too much time—as well as too little—may be taken up in speculating about what lies ahead; about the shadows of events that are not even being cast before. Vagaries, ethereal and nonsensical, innocently accupy many a University man's though; he is going to do something big something but he does not consider the moment just ripe while he is in the University. So he continues the prophetic dreaming, waiting for a more propitious hour.

Great destinies seem to be made of a firmer stuff. They often come through plain, hard, uninteresting work, with an under-tone of patience beneath it all. More than that, things disliked or virtually despised are the substance that make ultimate achievement possible. Of all the things you would like to be, of all the things you are going to do, if one-hundredth part were begun right now you would find yourself an active person. And you might find you were not cut out for such a pretentious career after all. Or perhaps you would find an easier solution than you had anticipated, a sort of moulding of events that will make success in the future quite natural and simple.

At any rate, it would seem well to take most "careers" with a grain of salt, since planning a career has enticed many worthless people into thinking they were great, made many valuable men worth nothing much at all. It is the doing that matters—doing the stern thing which has been placed at hand to do.

—*Michigan Daily.*

It is said that some of the girls of Newark were disguising themselves at the masked balls by wearing their own hair.—*Advocate.*

The American flag is the true American's only symbol of what the United States stands for. Why dishonor it by having it up all night on the flagpole?

—*Michigan Daily.*

## MY LANGUAGE—THE LANGUAGE OF AMERICA.

I hold the language of America in reverent regard because it has helped me to understand the greatness of nature, of love. Through the words which I have mastered. I have come to appreciate the beauty of the great outdoors; I have learned to cherish the sacred idea of home and family and the government that stimulates my ideals and protects me from all oppression.

In this language I can voice my tenderest love for my parents and express to them my appreciation of the opportunities which their sacrifice has revealed. In the songs that I sing and in the poetry I read, I can find expression for the thoughts and feelings that come to me in the open sun-lit field or in the gloom of thick set forests, or when I move among the hurrying throngs of those who crowd our city streets.

In the midst of the foolish complaints and murmurings of the unpatriotic, I can lift my voice in earnest protest and proclaim the rare rights and privileges of an American. And I can do this the more effectively because I have learned something of the art of speaking and writing the wonderful language of my country. But this lesson I have only partially mastered. What I have already learned, I shall cherish as a sacred trust—a trust that impels to further study and acquirement. I shall, therefore, wish to keep my language free from the impurities which mar its beauty, and to strengthen it with the resources that reveal its power. I shall wish to do this with the faith that it will enable me to become a more patriotic American and a better citizen of the newly changed world.—(Ex.)

We are of the opinion that an injunction should be obtained and enforced to prohibit Miss Geis and her (c)lasses from filling the second hall floors with tantalizing odors half an hour before lunch time.

—*Canton H. S. Monthly.*

This applies also to Miss Clark and her (c)lasses in Newark.

## OUR DAILY MELANCHOLIA.

The melancholy days have come  
The skies are drear and cold,  
But thank the Lord the house is warm  
Because the cellar's coaled.

—*Michigan Daily.*

A school paper is a great invention,  
The school gets all the fame.  
The printer gets all the money  
And the staff gets all the blame.

—*Comus.*

## THE STUDENT'S MIND.

"Think" is a word that is being posted before the eyes of manual and clerical workers all over the country. It seems that it would be an excellent idea to bring that word prominently before people in our universities and colleges.

Too many pupils slide through from day to day without "using their heads" in any way. They require everything, whether it be reference assignment, instructions, notices, or anything else, predigested and explained so minutely and in detail that a child could understand it. Instead of thinking a little, exercising a little judgment, or what is commonly called "horse-sense," many a student will bother someone else with an endless line of questions that are entirely unnecessary.

In reference work, exact pages must be assigned. The student would never think to look in the index for the topic he knows the class is discussing. If he desires information, he never stops or tries to think where he might inquire to have his question answered. If a room is listed as 300, he will not figure out that it will probably be on the third floor.

A "Think" campaign could appropriately be inaugurated on our campus. No doubt, we are no worse than many other people who are supposed to have "heads," but we have become accustomed to having things served to us morsel by morsel. Maybe we are out of the habit of thinking.

—*Michigan Daily.*

Mr. Harrison says he has discovered a new species of bird while walking down Market Avenue, but does not know what to name it. He describes it thus: "It had a single feather on one side of the head, a ring of fur surrounded its neck, otherwise, around the neck it was bare, and to top it out, it was hobbled and wore shoes with the heel nearly in the center of its foot. I tell you, it was perfectly ridiculous."—*Canton H. S. Monthly.*

*The Polaris* of North High, Columbus, states that girls' hike clubs have been formed. A special merit will be given each girl who hikes on hundred miles during the fall and spring hikes.

We think this is a splendid idea.



**DOANE 20—NEWARK 0.**

The Newark High School football team received its first defeat Friday, October 19, 1919, when the Doane Academy team was played at White Field.

Hundley and Hla showed up as the stars for Doane Academy. Tyrer on the line, and Orr and Cook in the backfield, were the mainstays of the Newark team.

Stowell was unable to play because of injuries received in the preceding games, and Orr acted as captain.

Doane kicked off to Newark. Orr received the ball and was downed on the 30-yard line. On the fourth down, Orr punted, and it was Doane's ball on the 50-yard line. Doane worked the ball to the 5-yard line, where it was Newark's ball on downs. Orr punted out of danger. A forward pass by Doane, Hla to Steadman, was good for 30 yards and Hundley made 25 yards off tackle for the first touchdown. Hla missed goal.

In the second quarter, Hla tried a goal from the field but missed, the ball going over to one side of the field where it was recovered by Davis of Newark who ran for 25 yards. Hla made the second touchdown in this quarter by dashes of 40 and 10 yards. He kicked goal.

In the third quarter Newark stiffened and held Doane scoreless, but in the last minute of play, Fisher of Doane took the ball over for the third touchdown. Hla kicked goal.

The punting of Orr and Hla was a notable feature of the game.

**Lineup and Summary.**

Newark 0.	Doane 20.
Johnson . . . . . L. C. . . . .	Bosser
McGlade . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Popka
Caine . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Trumgo
Kelly . . . . . C. . . . .	Hamilton
Ferris . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Grant
Tyrer . . . . . R. T. . . . .	Kneibler
Stouffer . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Steadman
Orr . . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Fisher
Davis . . . . . R. H. . . . .	Summer
Montgomery . . . . . L. H. . . . .	Hla

Cook . . . . . F. B. . . . . Hundley  
 Referee—Dunmier, Wittenberg. Umpire—Greaser, Springfield. Head Linesman—Power, Denison. Timekeeper—Adams, Doane; Tait, Newark.

Touchdowns—Hla, Hundley, Fisher. Goals kicked—Hla, 2. Substitutions, Newark—Baker for Johnson for Kelly, A. Swartz for Tyrer, Jones for Montgomery, Kelly for Johnson for Baker; Doane—Tusk for Hundley.

**DELEWARE 6—NEWARK 0.**

October 25th, Newark High School received the second defeat of the season when Delaware High was played at White Field. The game was hard-fought throughout.

Newark kicked off. Delaware was forced to punt. It was Newark's ball on the 40-yard line. Orr received a short pass over center but was unable to gain. He punted and from then on both sides were forced to punt frequently.

In the second quarter, Cook made a sensational run of 30 yards when he received a long punt. A forward pass was intercepted by Delaware. On the next play, E. Tourney of Delaware received a short forward pass over center and ran 40 yards for a touchdown. Thompson missed the goal. Delaware then kicked off. Neither side was able to gain and it was Newark's ball as the half ended.

In the third quarter Newark carried the ball to the 3-yard line but was unable to cross.

During the last quarter the ball remained near the middle of the field, neither side having the punch to make any consistent gains. In this quarter, Raymond Kelsey, playing halfback for Delaware, was seriously injured, the injury later resulting in his death.

**Lineup and Summary.**

Newark 0.	Delaware 6.
Johnson . . . . . L. E. . . . .	E. Tourney
McGlade . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Butche
Caine . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Radcliffe



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**THE NEWARK FASHION**  
4 NORTH SIDE OF SQUARE

Kelly	C	Sands
Ferris	R. G.	Rallson
Tyrer	R. T.	Spalding
Stouffer	R. E.	W. Tourney
Orr	Q. B.	Williams
Cook	L. H.	Thompson
Davis	R. H.	Kelsey
Stowell	F. B.	T. Tourney

Touchdown—E. Tourney.

Substitutions, Second Quarter—Montgomery for Stowell; Third Quarter—Stowell for Montgomery; Fourth Quarter—Baker for Johnson, Vandeman for Kelsey. Referee—Dunmier, Wittenberg. Umpire—Grieser, Springfield. Head Linesman—Power, Denison.

Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

### SENIORS 21—JUNIORS 15.

The first inter-class game resulted in a victory for the Seniors, who won from the Juniors by a score of 21 to 15. Orr and Harlow showed up as the stars for the Seniors while Wilson was the main point-getter for the Juniors. Orr led in scoring, with ten points to his credit. The Seniors played a rougher game than the Juniors, having eight fouls called to the Junior's four.

#### Lineup.

Seniors	Fouls	Goals	Points
Highbarger, L. F.	0	3	6
Harlow, R. F.	1	2	5
Stowell, C.	0	0	0
Orr (C), L. G.	0	5	10
Cook, R. G.	0	0	0
Totals	1	10	21

#### Juniors

Wilson, L. F.	0	3	6
Stoffer, R. F.	1	0	1
Fitzgibbon, C., R. F.	0	2	4
Kelly (C), L. G.	1	0	1
Allen, R. G.	0	1	2
Barrick, C.	1	0	1
Totals	3	6	15

Referee—Millisor. Timekeeper—Christman.

### SOPHOMORES 22—JUNIORS 20.

The second inter-class basket ball game was played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, Friday, November 21st, between the Juniors and Sophomores. The lack of teamwork was the only cause of the Juniors' defeat. Harlow was the individual star of the game.

#### Lineup.

Sophomores	Goals	Fouls	Points
Harlow, L. F.	7	1	15

Swartz, R. F.	0	0	0
Davis, R. F.	0	0	0
Baker (C), C.	1	0	2
Lynn, L. G.	1	1	3
Montgomery, R. G.	1	0	2

Totals . . . . . 10 2 22

#### Juniors

Stoffer, L. F.	1	0	2
Wilson, R. F.	3	1	7
Barrick, C., L. F.	2	3	7
Cunningham, C.	0	0	0
Allen, L. G.	0	0	0
Kelly (C), R. G.	2	0	4

Totals . . . . . 8 4 20

Referee—Millisor. Timekeeper—Swank.

### CHRISTMAS VACATION.

Isn't it dandy? When Christmas comes,  
We have a vacation, and twirl our  
thumbs;

We sit in a corner, and read, and dope,  
Or else we go coasting and freeze our  
nose.

Our lessons we leave 'till the very last  
day;

We just hate to work when we really can  
play;

We gaze at the postman with anxious eye  
And sigh with regret when he passes us  
by.

The second of January back we must go  
With books, and with lessons which none  
of us know;

We must "get down to work," as the  
teacher would say,

And put all our visious of fun far away.

H. R. '22.

### SCHOOL GARDENS.

Tuesday afternoon, November 25th, in the high school auditorium, the diplomas and prizes were awarded to the garden pupils of both the grade schools and the high school. Five hundred and twenty-two diplomas were given and prizes which amounted to \$114 dollars. One-fourth credit is given to high school pupils for their garden work and five per cent. is added to the grades of those in the lower grades. Lois Brown had the best garden in the city. Other high school pupils receiving prizes were Helen Ranney, Charlotte Wahl and Harold Londin.

## "CORNELL CLOTHES"



### The CORNELL Label in an Overcoat

doesn't keep you warm---but it is a  
sign the coat will!

It hasn't any particular style---but it  
shows that the coat has!

It hasn't any great value---but it  
guarantees that the coat is the best  
value to be found at!

\$30, \$35, \$40

*The*  
**CORNELL,** <sup>29</sup>  
S. Park  
Place

## NORTON

Says:

"Get the Habit"

Artistic Christmas  
Gifts

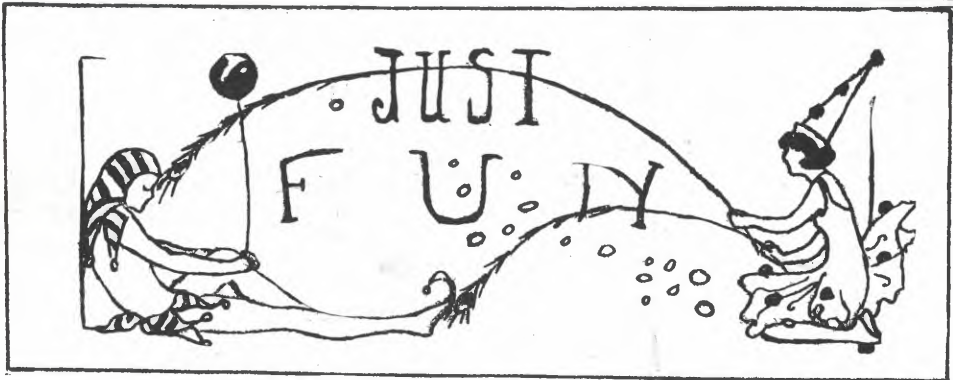
## JONES & WESSON

THE

PLACE TO BUY

"Good Shoes"

Next to Y. M. C. A.



A CROSS SECTION OF STUDY IN 18.

I wonder who threw that paper wad just then?

They had better not hit me with one again!

Of course, I am studying; why can't he see?

Oh, what makes Mr. Smith keep looking at *me*?

I have been trying to pass this note to Bill

Since I came in. Tell me, is he looking still?

Gosh, but my geometry's hard, did you go

To see darling Tom Moore last nite at the show?

In that police uniform, I think he's fine.

Did you get your French? No, I haven't gotten mine.

I wonder what's going on at Lil's to-nite—

Have you seen her today? Her hair is a sight.

Well, Mr. Smith, tell me, what have I done now?

I haven't done this Prop., that's a fact, anyhow.

Whose picture is that you drew in your French book?

Do you mind if I open and take a look?

Is that the bell? Goodness gracious! I'm not thru

And I work all day and half of the night, too!

Lolly, '21.

Miss Booth (after John S. had made a

terrible mistake in Spanish): John, have you studied your lesson?

John S. No Ma'am.

Miss Booth: Sit down then; don't stand there making a fool of yourself. Kenneth, recite.

Kenneth S.: I don't want to make a fool of myself.

Charles L. (In Latin): "Lifting his voice from the bottom of his heart—My! that man must have had a deep voice.

Mr. Tait (In Civics): How many councilmen will be elected this fall?

Paul J.: Four.

Mr. Tait: How did you get it?

Paul J.: Somebody told me.

Mr. Tait (In Civics): Who are the candidates for city treasurer?

Franklin S. Mr. Frye.

Mr. Tait: No, he's running for a different office.

Franklin S.: I knew I had seen him running for something.

Miss Montgomery: What is the feminine of work?

Ethel S.: Monkey.

Miss Moore in history was trying to get Russell to define the word Philippics. Now add the prefix Philip, then tell us what it means.

Russell D.: I see Philip.

Miss T., (to B. W.)' No matter whether you intend to be a lawyer or a ditch digger, you'll have to use English.

Bert W.: I'm going to South America.

Mr. Smith: Eileen, you are not quite as heavy as you might be.

Eileen M.: How do you mean?

Mr. Smith: Oh! er—I mean in your grades.



## The Spirit of Christmas

☞ Greeting Cards carry the Spirit of Christmas everywhere, renew acquaintances, strengthen the bonds of friendships and bring us into closer touch with our fellow beings.

### 'Say it With Cards'

They are made to answer every thought and purpose.

We invite you to inspect our Holiday offerings

## Leist & Kingery

34 West Main St.  
Newark, Ohio

LET US

Hold it for you until

**CHRISTMAS**



While the Stock is  
Large and New

## Haynes Bros.

Jewelers

## GREETINGS

*from*

## The Burch Gift Shop

Let us help you

Select

Your

Christmas

Gifts

Gifts that are sure to please  
For each member of the  
family and all your friends

30 The Arcade

## HILL'S

If good candy you should taste  
You would not buy in such haste,  
But after little he-itation  
You would go to Hill's and buy  
"Temptation."

THE CANDY OF QUALITY

Also, popcorn seasoned with pure sweet  
butter.

Chewing gum and fresh roasted peanuts

We carry a complete line of magazines  
to select from and the latest bound ad-  
ditions of good books.

A complete line of school supplies and  
stationery.

## Hill's Confectionery Stand

38 North Park Place

## "THEM WIMMEN."

"These girls'll sure drive me mad,"  
Said Hiram Jones one day;  
"They don't do nothin' but flirt n'gad,  
But I reckon that's the way  
With these here twentieth century gals  
Who swim, n' hike, n' camp,  
N' if I hear right from my pals,  
There's some that sure can 'camp.'  
There's some o' these here girls  
Who take, three times a day,  
About two hours to fix their curls,  
N' some, much more, they say.  
Ma says 'at when she wuz a girl  
She had no time to "prink,"  
To paint her lips, n' fix her curls,  
N' red her cheeks reel pink.  
But pa says anything he hates  
In these here stylish wimmen,  
Is ter see 'em walk the bathin' beach  
But never go in swimmin.'  
I wuz a gonna rite lots more  
Ter finish up my rime,  
But there comes sis in at the door,  
So guess I'll stop this time."

Bubbles, '20.

Oh! how I hate to get up in shorthand,  
Oh! how I'd like to remain at my desk,  
But the hardest blow of all  
Is to hear my teacher call:  
"You've got to get brains,  
You've got to get brains,  
You've got no brains at all."  
Some day I'm going to murder the teacher,  
Some day they are going to find her dead,  
I'll amputate the diphthong "aw,"  
And tramp upon the word signs all,  
And spend the rest of my life in peace.

Mr. Tait (in Civics): "How about Petrograd in the fifteenth century, Harry?"

Harry B.: "It wasn't a city then."

Mr. Tait: "What was it?"

Harry B.: "It was a—well, it just wasn't."

Someone said: "Ginger-bread is good for boys mixed with milk." Now we have never tried this combination, but we advise Miss Clark to try it. She *might* make money.

P. D. (in geography): "When gold was discovered in California, many people got there by means of the Isthmus of Panama."

G. B.: "They couldn't go that way because it wasn't built yet."

## THE SCHOONER PUNCTUATION.

The Schooner punctuation  
Is sailing English sea.  
It is a dangerous vessel,  
I know it will sink me.  
It has some six-inch commas,  
And colon guns on deck,  
And then it has apostrophes  
In case there is a wreck.  
The hold is full of periods,  
All sizes, shapes and forms;  
Quotation marks and dashes  
Are used in case of storms.  
Direct address commands the guns,  
While series form the crew.  
You'll find out they are worse than Huns\*  
When they get after you.  
The pilot is old Theme Guide,  
So trustworthy and true.  
In every kind of trouble,  
He knows just what to do.  
If you are on this vessel,  
You're safe as safe can be,  
But woe be to the person  
Who is floating on the sea.  
The ship will sail upon you,  
It may be to your grief.  
You'll either get in life boat, work,  
Or die on Flunker's reef.

A. L. '21.

ON THE ASSIGNMENT OF A POEM  
FOR ENGLISH.

I took some paper and a pen  
To write a little rhyme.  
Although I scratched my head 'til ten,  
I could not make a line.

I had to have that verse next day,  
Or else I stayed at school.  
Our teacher said the easy way  
Was, "Do it all by rule."

I could not see the easy part,  
Though she said it o'er and o'er.  
I guess I'll have to stay tonight,  
As I can't do any more.

?, '21.

A discussion was recently overheard in Newark Hi in which Virginia said a great deal in the following brief sentence, accompanied by a long and weary sigh, "Well, anyway, man is the root of all evil. I have two brothers and I know."

# Xmas Candy

Always Appropriate  
Always Welcome  
Always Pleases

Everybody loves to re-  
ceive Candy for  
Christmas

Besides sending her the gift  
you figured on why not surprise  
her by also sending a box of  
Sparta's Chocolates.

Mark Candy on your  
Christmas list now!

Everything Home-Made

## The Sparta

Makers of

### FINE CANDIES

Newark, Ohio

# GEM THEATRE

The place where you are never  
disappointed

Watch the papers for announcement  
of the following

## Wm. Fox Special Features

The name FOX spells quality

WM. FARNUM in  
"The Last of The Duanes"

WM. FARNUM in  
"The Wings of the Morning"

TOM MIX in  
"Speed Maniac"

TOM MIX in  
"The Dare Devil"

THEDA BARA in  
"La Belle-Russe"

Hear Our BIG FOUR Orchestra

# LINEHAN BROS.

## Holiday Slippers

Men, Women and Children

An endless variety at  
Satisfactory Prices

## LINEHAN BROS.

17 West Main Street

## SHOES—RUBBERS

## SCHOOL GIRL CORSETS

We have a full line of both front and back lace corsets for school girls. They fit correctly and hold the figure in perfect poise, giving a graceful carriage to the wearer in all positions, whether sitting standing or walking.

Prices from two dollars up.

**MacEowen's Corset Shop**

27 The Arcade

A Dependable Store

A Store of Courtesy

## SCHIFF'S

East Side of Square

## GARMENTS

For Women  
and Misses

“The Newest. The Best”

“And you never pay more at

**SCHIFF'S,**

as a matter of fact much less”

For Wrist Watches

**H. W. MACKENZIE**

*Jeweler*



51 N. 3d St., just across Church St.

Choice Meats

FOR

Every Meal

**BOGG'S  
M E A T  
MARKET**

No. 9 N. 4th St:

Both Phones

All Licking County Killed Meat

**TO RUSSIA'S AID**  
(Continued from page 12)

When Russia was ruled by the czar, he had become a nihilist, or, to use the more modern name, a bolshevist. He had been driven from Russia and had gone to America. There he had made the acquaintance of Lenine in a secret meeting of anarchists. But now, as he journeyed back and forth through the desolate fields of Russia, in which no grain grew, again and again the question presented itself: "Is this the result of bolshevism, is it what Russia needs?" Each time he endeavored to suppress it, but every time it made a greater impression on him and weakened his childlike faith in bolshevism.

As the weather grew warmer—it was now May—travel became easier, and Kyril's work much less arduous. One day he was told to report at once to Lenine. Wondering the cause of this, for he had never received such a peremptory summons before, he started at once for the Soviet headquarters. There he found Lenine in a rage.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Lenine. "Everything. That commander up north let those pigs of Americans gain twenty miles. Since something must be done, I shall send you with a plan for getting rid of the Americans. You will be given a special passport, that nothing may delay you."

Kyril caught the troop train that left that night for St. Petersburg. The railroads of Russia being in a very bad state, he was a long time on the way, and had plenty of time to observe the regions through which he passed. No grain grew in the fields, nearly all agriculture was abandoned. Here and there burned groups of buildings, formerly the homes of the Russian aristocracy, dotted the landscape. Kyril Kiransk was a man with the best intentions. He had sincerely thought that bolshevism was what Russia needed, but the long trip through the desolate fields had made him think. Finally he said, "I'm through with bolshevism. The Americans are doing more for Russia than Lenine is. I'll see that the Americans get these plans. Once they know about them they can easily smash the bolsheviki. These plans will only be successful if kept secret."

"A messenger from Moscow to see you," said a soldier to the bolshevist general at —, a little town in northern Russia. "Send him in."

When Kyril arrived in the room of the

bolshevist general (I would tell you his name only it is unpronounceable and impossible to spell) he was surprised at the untidiness of the place. Everything was suggestive of last night's revel—the half-filled glasses of vodka, and the cards and dice which were scattered all over the room.

He was aroused from his inspection of the room by a coarse, "Well, what do you want?"

"Lenine sent me," Kyril replied, "with a plan for attacking the Americans. It is to be carried out tomorrow; so you'll have to hurry. Here are the papers."

"I see the idea of the plan. But it must be kept secret, for once the Americans find it out, we are lost. Well," the general continued, "you can do what you please now. There's some vodka in the next room if you want any."

Kyril then found a lodging, and as it was now evening, went to bed. He lay awake until midnight, trying to devise some plan for warning the Americans. The next morning Kyril told the general he was going to return to Moscow. "All right," the general said, "here's an order for a horse. You can get it at the stables a short distance down the street."

He found the stable easily and presenting the order, obtained one of the best horses. In a short time he was on his way. "It's lucky I copied those plans," he said to himself as he rode on his way. When he was beyond all danger of being observed by the bolsheviki, he turned his horse in the direction of the American army, then, laying a map of the district before him, he traced the route which he intended to follow.

After he had ridden quite a distance, he chanced to look back. His first look was followed by a second, and his second by a third. On the top of a hill behind him he saw a force of bolshevist cavalry pursuing him. He hastened his pace at once. Just then he heard a shot, which luckily passed some distance behind him. Every minute the bolsheviki were gaining. Just then he passed over the crest of a hill and saw, in the valley beneath, a force of Americans. At last he was safe. He knew the bolsheviki would not fight; they were no match for the Americans.

"Where is your commander?" asked Kyril in good English, to the amazement of all the American soldiers who had surrounded him.

"Well, who are you, and what are you

(Continued on page 37)



# ALUMNI.

ERhodes'14.



James K. Miller, '18, graduate of Newark Hi, who is now attending Ohio State, was recently elected on the Student Council, representing the Sophomore class.

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Wyeth, when their daughter Carol was married to Mr. B. H. Buxton. Mr. and Mrs. Buxton left on their wedding-trip and on their return will be at home in Columbus. Miss Carol Wyeth graduated from Newark Hi in 1918.

Miss Lou Ella Hawkins, '15, graduate, is teaching Latin and English in the Bellaire High School. She is also Faculty Advisor on the school paper.

Mrs. Carl Noxell recently visited her daughter, Miss Helen Noxell, '19 graduate, who is a student at Abbott Academy.

Miss Sylvia Devore, '17, is working in the Tribune office.

Miss Dorothy Roeser, '16, is a stenographer in Carroll's store.

Homer Dupler, '18, is attending O. S. U. this year. Last year he was employed by the Newark Trust Co.

Mary Wells, '18, is a stenographer in the Adjutant-General's office at Washington.

Miss Mildred Woodard, '15, is teaching in the high school at Byesville.

Miss Ruth Hirst, '15, is teaching in a high school near Circleville.

Charles Mayer, '17, is a Sophomore at Ohio State University.

Donald Powers, '17, is a Sophomore at Denison.

Miss Helen Rossel, a former graduate of Newark Hi, is working in the Public Library.

Mr. H. S. Stephan, a former graduate, married Miss Dorothy Kramer of Columbus. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents. Nearly two hundred guests witnessed the marriage service read by Rev. Kanuth of Williamsport. After a week's stay in Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Stephan will make their home in Canton where he is chemist with the United Furnace Co. Mr. Stephan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Stephan of West Church Street and was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University after his return from service in the navy. He is a

member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. Mrs. Stephan graduated from Ohio State and was a Delta Gamma. Mrs. Stephan attended N. H. S. for two years and then moved to Columbus. While here she was an inter-scholastic debater.

Miss Mildred Close, '18, recently visited the high school.

Misses Mildred Simpson and Hazel Buckels left on Monday, October 27th, to visit Miss Mary Hebler who is a Freshman at Oxford.

Miss Lorena Berger, a Senior at Ohio Wesleyan University, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berger of Fairfield Avenue. Miss Lorena Berger received thirty-six votes for the vice-presidency of the Senior class, only beaten by one vote.

The following list of last year's graduates completes the list given in the last issue of the "Reveille:"

Lucille Brooks—Teaching near Louisville.

Hazel Brickler—Holophane Glass Co.

Edna Rine—Newark Telephone office.

Mildred Simpson—Home.

Dorothy Moran—Denison University.

Eugene Harlow—Denison University.

Marie Graff—Hayden's Insurance Co.

Mae Glass—Teaching school.

Seward Legge—Shipping Department, Styron-Beggs Co.

Christine McCrosky—Ohio Light & Power Company.

Vernon Christman—American Motor Truck Company.

Charles Carroll—Denison University.

Dorothy Carter—Bookkeeper for the Wehrle Company.

Earl Bender—Woolworth's Store.

James Baruxes—Sparta Confectionery.

Dewey Bonar—Home.

Helen Brown—Teaching school north of Granville.

Goldie McPeck—Bookkeeper for Norris & Windle.

Clara Factor—Office, Wehrle Company.

Mary Snyder—Newark Normal School.

Mildred Mayer—Denison University.

Clyde Liming—U. S. Army.

Alice Welch—Walk-Over Shoe Store.

Dorothy Graves—Denison University.

Frederick Hanks—Ohio State University.

**F**URNITURE:  
RESIDENCE,  
HOTEL,  
MATRESSES  
BEDDING

**S**EWING MACHINES  
SILVERWARE

**C**ARPETS,  
LINOLEUMS,  
DOMESTIC RUGS.

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**STEWART & ALWARD CO.**  
THE ARCADE & UNION BLOCK, NEWARK, O.

The Complete Home Outfitters

**D**RAPERIES,  
SHADES,  
CURTAINS,  
LAMPS.

**S**TOVES, RANGES,  
CUT GLASS,  
CLOCKS,  
Household Utensils.

**P**HONOGRAPHS,  
EDISON DIAMOND  
DISC

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The Busy Bee  
Confectionery

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CAPT. J. A. FINNICUM  
President

## Newark Business College

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IT IS BETTER TO ATTEND THE NEWARK BUSINESS COLLEGE  
THAN TO WISH YOU HAD

## The Winter Apparel for Misses Leaves Nothing to be Desired

The day of "women's clothes in sizes for misses" is happily past, we believe. In their stead we have fashions designed especially for misses, modes that reflect their charming youthfulness—beautiful, graceful apparel that will meet with the unqualified approval of girls in general.

We earnestly invite and urge the young women of Newark High School to come to this store—here they will find styles planned and carried out for them, at prices that keep within a moderate range.

**T. L. DAVIES**  
LEADER IN QUALITY AND LOW PRICES.



## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 13)

but cannot compare with the rest." She opened the second bag and brought forth a ruby even larger than the first.

"This is the great Akbar ruby of which you have no doubt heard. We know its history for a thousand years back; some of it was written on sheets of gold. It flashed a red glow across the history of India. Seven wars have been waged for its possession and men have died by the score, defending it. It is cheap at 30,000 pounds sterling.

"This third ruby is said to be the standard of color; it is like an abyss of vaporized blood, and while not as large as the others, is fully as valuable. There is a legend that the fifth duke in the time of Louis XIII stole it from a guest who disappeared.

"I was carrying these rubies with me on the coach yesterday and without your aid they might be gone now," she said, turning to me, and, thanking us all for our kind attention, asked us to visit her if the opportunity ever presented itself. Just before leaving she handed me a hundred-pound note and thanked me sincerely for my aid.

U. H. J., '22.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

- Adeline Conner—Chandler Motor Company, Cleveland.  
 Robert Northey—Licking Creamery Co.  
 Katie Ferguson—Home.  
 Mildred Preston—Stenographer, Airesman's Garage.  
 Clarice Roney—Dr. Wyth's office.  
 Lida—Cooperrider—Law office, Jones & Jones.  
 Mildred Baker—Office, Otto N. Moore Manufacturing Co.  
 Grace Dumm—Office, Wehrle Co.  
 Virginia Weaver—Haynes Brothers.  
 Esther Sunkel—Office, Fletcher Scott, attorney.  
 Bernice Brown—Newark Business College  
 Virginia Thompson—Stenographer, County Office.  
 Helen Fuller—Clerk, Newark Trust Co.  
 Harold Keinath—Pennsylvania Railroad freight office.  
 Gladys Lindaman—Office, Wehrle Co.  
 Hazel Jennings—Teaching in Muskingum County.  
 Lucille Brown, '18, and Mr. Herman Young were married October 19th.  
 The marriage of Miss Mary Parmelee, '19, and Mr. Harry Jeffers took place October 30th.  
 Catherine McGonagle—St. Mary's, Monroe,

Michigan.

- Don Neely—Denison.  
 Harold Rosene—Denison.  
 Mary Baird—Ohio State.  
 Alice Welch—Walk-Over Shoe Co.  
 Dorothy Graves—Denison.  
 Gladys Van Tassel—American Tribune.  
 Hazel Colville—Norton's Book Store.  
 Margaret Werner, '19—Delco Light Co.  
 Armadella Wiley, '19—The Kroger Grocery & Baking Co.

At a dinner party given at the Southard home in Central Avenue, Sunday, November 16, 1919, the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Anita Southard, '17, and Mr. Ralph Cass.

## CHRISTMAS.

Well, Christmas day is here at last,  
 On Wednesday, I began to fast;  
 For dinner, Thursday, I'm in luck,  
 For dad just now brought home a duck.

He comes in now, throws up his hat.  
 He say, "The turkey's getting fat."  
 On Monday last mom sure did make  
 A swell, big, fruit Christmas cake.

Dad sniffs around and says, "My, my,  
 Sh! mom's a-makin' pie."  
 "Huh! just pumpkin"—this from Sue.  
 "No," said mom, "there's mince-meat, too."

There's pudding, too, almost forgot—  
 Yes, there's enough, mom made a lot.  
 With lots of sauce—and then the candy!  
 Bring on the eats, boy, she's a dandy!

H. J., '21.

## LANCASTER TEACHERS.

On Friday, November 14th, seven teachers from Lancaster High School visited Newark High School. The principal, the manual training teacher and seven other teachers were in the party. The day was spent in visiting the various classes.

## GRADE SCHOOL NOTES.

A social was held at Woodside School on October 29th. A large crowd attended. Two hundred and nine dollars was cleared.

Hartzler School held its social November 14th. The amount clear was \$180. The eighth grade at Hartzler alone sold 296 tickets. A social was held at Hudson Avenue School, November 21st.

Miss Allen: What did Henry Hudson do?

M. D.: He died.

## CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE A. E. F.

(Continued from page 11)

A short time after dinner, the Frenchmen, who were to teach us something of the art of hunting the wild boar of France, began to arrive. They were all middle-aged or old men, but they showed plenty of "pep" as they arrived, carrying their heavy rifles across their backs, knapsacks on side and striding along in their heavy boots. They appeared rough, with a rather serious air, and were all adorned with a week's, or more, growth of beard, with the exception of one or two who were of the city type. These of the city wore good hunting clothes and were well groomed. They all were very jolly and agreeable.

As everyone was very anxious to start, we fell in immediately and were soon on our way to Boquemont Woods, where we were to find wild boar in abundance. The main topic of discussion among a great many was what our game would be like, whether it would be dangerous, and how difficult it would be to shoot, as the wild boars were said to be very swift. Only one or two of the soldiers had seen any because the animals kept well hidden in the forests. While taking a short cut to a neighboring village, a few had seen several of the frightened animals running across a clearing in the forest.

When we arrived at Boquemont Woods, the Frenchmen began placing us a short distance apart along the edge of the forest. As there were between six and seven hundred in the detachment, we covered nearly one whole side of the forest. After we had been given our positions, we were to wait until we heard two long blasts of the hunter's horn before advancing. Then everyone was to move forward, keeping in sight of his partner both on his right and left; and everyone was to yell, pounding the trees and bushes with clubs. This was done in order to drive our game to a road which cut through the forest about three kilos to the southwest of our line of advance. Here the Frenchmen and the others with rifles were stationed about a quarter of a kilo apart so that when the frightened animals would show themselves in crossing the road, they would be an easy mark for the hunters. This is what we thought, but we were soon to find out differently.

We were very anxious to see some of the wild boars as we had failed to see any after scrambling through the thickets for a kilo or more. We had seen only a few fresh tracks in the soft snow, while the Frenchmen had claimed there were

"beaucoup" of the animals in the forest.

After we had advanced quite a distance farther, we heard the crack! crack! of rifles in the distance, and then everything was a din of yells and excitement. We thought there would be plenty of game to carry back to our billets. At this moment we heard something crashing through the underbrush. In less time than it takes to tell it, they were coming straight toward us and everyone was yelling, "Head 'em off, don't let 'em get through." But the animals kept coming and in almost an instant they had passed and were soon lost to sight in the wilderness back of us.

The wild boar of France is about the size of an ordinary Texas razor-back or a little smaller, and the two look somewhat alike. The wild boar can run nearly as fast as a rabbit and they seem to jump stiff-legged over and through the bushes. Their hair is rather long and shaggy and hangs straight down their sides. Their legs are longer than those of the domestic hog and their long ears stand straight out and upward. They seldom have tusks unless they are very old.

We made our way very hurriedly the rest of the distance to the road, being very anxious to learn how many had been captured or killed. We found the reward of our labors to be one hog and two red foxes. We were sorely disappointed at this because our agreement with the Frenchmen was that they were to get the first hog killed and we were to get all additional ones. The foxes were of no value to us whatever, but we had a very pleasant time hunting and had learned a good many points of the French method of conducting a hunt.

We were soon on our way back to Woimbey; and as everyone was very tired, they were in their bunks soon after they arrived at camp. There were a few who could not miss attending the regimental show which was to be given in Froyan, a little town about four kilos across the Meuse River from us.

So I think we had a very good and agreeable Christmas under the circumstances; as we had received our Christmas packages, had eaten a very good dinner, enjoyed a wild boar hunt which was something new to us, and were given the opportunity of seeing a good show in the evening which was a treat during those days. I wouldn't mind having another Christmas day like it sometime, would you?

R. F., '21.

1830

1919

# KING'S

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Trunks,  
Traveling Bags**

**Moderately Priced**

Have you tried King's New  
Method of Shoe Repairing?

## WM. FISHBAUGH & SON

### Shoe Making and Repairing

Don't throw your Rubbers away,  
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Because

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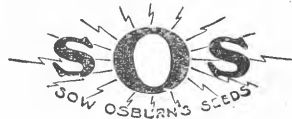
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are a household and  
school room necessity

Sprays for "Big Bugs"  
(and little ones too)

### PREPARE NOW

for next year's garden. Use  
lime and sow rye for cover crop.



See us in our new home, 41 No. 2nd  
St. cor. Church and 2nd Sts.  
after December 15.

## C. S. OSBURN & CO.

14-16 East Church St

Auto Phone 2085

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### MOSE

(Continued from page 13)

father gave his consent, providing the aviator had no objections.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Rosalie and her dog were ready. As the aviator had no objections to Mose, they both climbed in. Rosalie was a bit frightened at first and Mose barked and whined, sniffed and snorted and tried to jump out. In a very few minutes, however, both were enjoying it to the utmost.

After the ride was over, Rosalie told her father how wonderful it was. "I'm so happy," she said, "and Mose is just crazy about it." Every day after the ride, Rosalie and the dog watched the plane go up. Mose and the aviator became good friends and Rosalie liked him, too.

One day, about a week after the eventful ride, Mose was missing. He had been seen last playing in the hay that morning, but when supper time came, no Mose appeared. This was very unusual because Mose had never failed to appear at meals before.

Rosalie called and called, hunted in the hay and everywhere, but Mose was not to be found. At last Rosalie, mourning, gave up the search. Her father had found Mose, a little puppy, in the snow one Christmas eve. He gave him to his daughter for Christmas and she had grown very fond of him.

Two years later Rosalie was home from college on her Christmas vacation. She still mourned the loss of her dog. The day before Christmas she received this letter, written in an unfamiliar hand:

My dear Miss Benton:

I will be in Wharton Christmas day. Watch for me.

This letter puzzled Rosalie and her parents very much and they all waited impatiently for Christmas.

Christmas morning when Rosalie was untying her presents, she heard a whizzing overhead. She ran to the window and there in the field was an aeroplane. Out stepped a smiling aviator, bearing in his arms the long-lost and much-mourned Mose. Rosalie was so happy that she laughed and cried at the same time, hugging and kissing Mose and thanking the aviator. She asked him many questions and this is how he answered them, comfortably seated in front of a blazing fire.

"The day before I was to go away, Mose came over to the field. As I was going over to the next village, I thought I would take Mose along for company.

Upon approaching the woods this side of the village, something went wrong with the machine, and, crash, bang, a yelp from Mose. The next thing I knew, I was in a hospital in New York, Mose sitting by my bed with only one ear and his nose visible through yards of bandage. You can see the scar on his head now." Here Mose proudly wagged his tail and shook hands with the aviator.

"I had received several serious injuries and was in the hospital two months. That dog was the life of the hospital. He would walk up and down the aisles and lean his head on the cots, shake hands and do all sorts of stunts. When I was taken to my home, Mose went too. He was so much company that I couldn't give him up. I was not able to fly for a year and a half after my accident. Thinking that I had borrowed your dog long enough, I made this first trip to bring him back to you."

"And were you really in New York?" said Rosalie. "I have been there in school, and to think you and Mose were both there and I never knew it. But I will be there next year."

"Yes, and we'll have all sorts of fun," said the aviator, "and I'm coming back to see Mose every Christmas."

### PIERRE, THE TRAPPER

(Continued from page 12)

ways furtive. These facts only heightened Pierre's temper and suspicions, and his desire to see this stranger. But no matter how impatient he was, he gave no outward indication of it, for fear someone might warn his enemy. Therefore, there was but one thing for him to do—to wait for the stranger's return.

After waiting for nearly two months for the man to put in his appearance, Pierre was sorely perplexed. To go on to the next post meant that he might lose his man at this, and vice versa. However, after much deliberation, he decided to return to his traps, and try and see if he couldn't catch the robber by having no regular routine, for the thief had always been but a few days ahead of him, sometimes but a few hours. Accordingly, he once more returned to his native hamlet, but in place of the sunny, smiling, jovial Pierre of old, whom all of his friends had known, he was quiet, stern of countenance, and had but one object, to get that thief and kill him.

Meanwhile, little Elsie had not been standing still. Every day seemed to add

to her beauty. She was really quite pretty, far prettier than any other girl in those regions, or so at least, thought Pierre.

One night, just as Pierre was leaving post, he was hailed by a fellow trapper, who said that the girl's guardian was snooping around all the traps, and that he thought it would not be a half bad idea to look into the matter and see what this newcomer had to say for himself. Pierre thought differently. Instead of going after the suspect, he suggested that there is no truer saying than, "A calf given enough rope will hang itself," so why not wait and watch this man, trailing his every move? In this way, both would know if their man was the thief in question, and if they were wrong, they would still be in his good graces. As it is never a wise thing to have an enemy, especially in the northland, Pierre's friend consented to watch and wait, and from then on, it was agreed that either one or the other should always be on the trail, picking up what he could.

Accordingly, the next morning, Pierre took up the trail that was left by their suspicious neighbor and followed it the whole day without once noticing anything strange. However, the next morning, all was different. The man trailed seemed to know the position of every trap set, in fact, he knew of many places of which Pierre did not. Each trap, as he came to it, he examined, but the most perplexing thing about it was that he never once touched the animals that were being held. He never seemed to notice them, after giving them one short, swift glance. Poor Pierre's brain was in a whirl. Who was this man, and what his business? What could it all mean? Was he mad? Such things fluttered through Pierre's brain as he still kept the trail on that second day.

The third day was the most important of all. Little did Pierre dream what Dame Fortune held in store for him. In less than an hour after he had broken camp, as he was still doggedly staying on the trail, he was startled to hear the sharp crack, and then the whang of a high-powered rifle, and a few minutes later as he rushed forward, he came upon a most unnerving sight. A stranger, holding a rifle that was undoubtedly the one that had so recently been fired, was bending over the inert form of Pierre's suspected man! With deadly intent, Pierre raised his own rifle, but upon reconsideration, he decided to cover the stranger, and find out his reason for such an act.

Accordingly, he slowly left cover, holding his rifle in such a position that he could easily and quickly fire. As yet, the would-be murdered was totally unaware of Pierre's presence. The first he knew of the presence of a third person, was when he felt a little cold ring of steel gently touch him on the back of the head. With an incredibly quick jerk, his head was out of line with the rifle's muzzle, and the next moment Pierre was grappling with a giant in stature, an ox in strength. Well was it for Pierre that he himself was such an athlete, or he would never have emerged alive from the dubious strife. Before he could fully realize what was happening, he was on the ground, underneath the other, who was holding an upraised hunting knife. It was a case where every ounce of strength that he could summon must be exerted in a hurry, consequently it was not slow in forthcoming. The next minute he had thrown off his adversary and had managed to regain his feet, also to draw his own knife. As they again closed, Pierre, with a dexterous thrust, unarmed his opponent, thus bringing him under his power. As soon as the other realized that his hope of winning was gone, he ceased his exertions, and was speedily bound.

Now that there was a space for breath, Pierre turned his attention toward the wounded man. As he unbuttoned his coat, his hand came in contact with a small, cold metal badge. Upon looking through his pockets, Pierre found identification papers which proved that his patient was Officer J. M. Forbes, of the Northwest Mounted Police, with orders to find and arrest a certain trap thief, who had been illegally trapping mink. In a flash the identity of his prisoner dawned upon him. His captive was the thief, for whom he had so earnestly been seeking, for no other man would have deliberately shot a Canadian ranger.

As soon as possible, Pierre, marching his prisoner in front, and carrying Forbes over his shoulder, began the backward march. In vain had he tried to staunch the flow from the wound. Try as he might, it still persisted in bleeding intermittently, so that the only hope of saving the man's life, was to get him to the post in record time. To do this would mean a forced march of many miles, but what were badly swollen and aching joints to a life!

Late the next evening, the hamlet was aroused by a gun going off several times in rapid succession, and the inhabitants came running out to see a badly mud-

stained but triumphant Pierre coming into the post, leading his captive and carrying Forbes, who was still alive. As soon as the prisoner was delivered into safe keeping, attention was turned to the wounded man. The only doctor in the town was there, of course, in fact, he was one of the first to ascertain the trouble. The case looked almost hopeless, but after careful nursing through the first night, it soon became apparent that he would "pull through," although his convalescence would be a lengthy affair.

Pierre could have whooped for joy when he learned this. It meant that his nerve-racking march had not been in vain, that he would have one more firm friend, and most of all, it meant that he would have plenty of time in which to woo Elsie. She was the highest pinnacle of his hopes and aspirations. To win her meant more than anything else. Accordingly the next morning, he presented himself at the cabin, stating that he was at her disposal in any way that would help the nursing of Forbes. Replying in a pleasant voice that he was certainly most welcome, she smiled upon him for the first time. You can easily imagine how young Pierre accepted this statement. It made his path much easier than he had even dared to hope. Consequently, every succeeding day found Pierre on hand, doing innumerable jobs that would either have been greatly beyond her strength, or would have been greatly wearing on her endurance.

One day, while doing a task in the cabin, he overheard Elsie telling one of her friends, who was in the front room, why she had always snubbed him.

"You know, Mrs. Gallagher, uncle and I were horribly mistaken about Pierre. We both thought that he was the man for whom uncle was looking, because he brought in such remarkable catches. We never could quite believe he did it himself, because we thought him too young to know so much about trapping. However, in view of his catching the real thief, I am now quite sure that he is really as clever as they say he is. My! what a pity I was such an unbeliever."

"Quite so, my dear," replied Mrs. Gallagher, "you are still young in both years and experience. In fact, you are much like others I know. You think you know it all, when in reality, you know very little. Take my advice, and hereafter, when everyone tells you something, don't think that you are right, and that they are wrong. That is one of youth's most fatal ideas."

Pierre waited to hear no more. This was enough. He must go out into the woods and think, for now the mystery of why she snubbed him was cleared up, and all would be fair sailing, unless the unexpected happened. To think that they had suspected him! That was the best joke he had heard in a long time, especially when the whole community looked upon him as its most upright citizen.

The next morning, when he made his appearance, Elsie was waiting for him. His head began to whirl. Just a few short weeks ago she had snubbed him. Now she waited for him, and there was really welcome in her eyes. Things were certainly going too fast for his easy-going level head. He hadn't even figured out why they had suspected him of being the thief for the reason Elsie had given was certainly not enough, and on top of that, here was another unexpected problem. This however, he later reasoned out to mean that she really liked him, and in this he was correct.

It was spring, and the ice and snow had thawed. By this time, after a convalescence of nearly three months, Forbes was once more strong enough to grace the head of his table. To this dinner was invited Pierre, who deemed it an honor to attend. On the appointed night, there was a full moon shining, and not a cloud in the sky.

The dinner was a grand success. There were almost unheard of delicacies, which Forbes's brother officers had sent. That, however, was but a small item compared to the way the patient had improved. He had done so well, that, in a way, he had regained some of his old time initiative, and began to plan with Pierre, a hop at the post. However, all the excitement made Forbes sleepy, so much so, that he retired very early in the evening. This was the night for which Pierre had been waiting. Almost before Elsie realized what she was doing, or where she was going, she was walking in the moonlight. What was said between those two has never been recorded, for no one ever found out a thing that passed that night. Suffice it to say, it was a highly satisfactory evening to Pierre.

Plans for the hop went on without a hitch. By the time set for it, Forbes had fully recovered, and Elsie and Pierre had become firmer friends than ever. On the night of the dance, the whole village assembled in best attire, which might have been in style many years ago, certainly not now. When all of the guests were

assembled. Forbes arose, with a glass in his hand, saying, "Friends, this has been the most eventful day in two lives. Today, Pierre married my niece. Here's to the bridal couple. May they always be as happy as was I in my younger days."

THE END.

F. N. S., '22.

### TO AID RUSSIA

(Continued from page 27)

here for?" demanded a sergeant.

"I've come with the bolshevist plans of attack," said Kyril. "Can I see your commander right away? Here are all my weapons. You may search me if you wish."

"Well," said the sergeant, "we'll let you see the commander, but we intend to search first. For all we know, you may be here to kill the captain."

In a few moments Kyril Kiransk was in the presence of the commander, Captain E——. After asking his name, the captain said, "I hear you have the bolshevist plans of attack. Is that true?"

"Yes it is. Here is a copy of them," said Kyril, handing the plans to the captain. Then he went to relate how he had become an anarchist, and how he had changed his opinion. Explaining his change of mind, he simply said, "At first I thought bolshevism was all right, but I found out my mistake when I arrived in Russia."

"How do you expect us to believe all that?" said the commander.

"You'll have to take my word for it," replied Kyril.

"Since you speak good English, there is evidently something in this; besides, we can't let such an advantage pass by. But remember, I'll give orders to shoot you at the first hostile movement you make. Orderly, send Lieutenant Rowden here."

In a minute Lieutenant Rowden appeared. The commander said, "This man has brought us the bolshevist plans of attack on the main force of Americans. You will take those plans, which I shall give you, to the colonel commanding the main army. You must reach the American troops by six o'clock or everything will be lost. Pick fifty men and start at once. If this man attempts to betray you, shoot him on the spot."

In a quarter of an hour they started. It was three o'clock, and they had twenty-one miles to go. If they arrived after six o'clock, everything was lost. It was a race for Russia. Four o'clock, and thirteen miles remained, five o'clock, and

seven were left. Five-thirty, and there were only three more miles to go. Everything seemed safe. Just then the scouts in front reported, "Enemy ahead!" In a minute the course of the Americans was changed. But, alas for Russia! it meant one more mile. They were dead tired now; could they make that extra mile? Finally the lieutenant said, "All but five men will stay here. Those five will go with me to get the message there. Sergeant Kendrick will take charge of those left."

In a minute the five were chosen and the march went on in the gray twilight. From the summit of a hill they saw dark masses of bolshevists marching. They had to change their course once more because of this. Not a word was spoken by any of the men; they were saving their breath. Finally, as they reached the summit of a very high hill, they saw the American flag in the valley. Though all of them were very tired, they broke into a run. In a few minutes they had told their news to the colonel. He gave a few orders and said, "Everything is safe now. With their plans we can easily beat them. It's a good thing you came now. Ten minutes later, and all would have been lost." Then the soldiers began to march. At last, the Americans were saved!

H. K., '21.

### COUNTRY COUSINS.

Bill Black and his sister Betty were engaged in an indignant conversation. A letter had been received from Wisconsin announcing the proposed visit of two cousins for the Christmas holidays. They had never seen these cousins, and all they knew was that they lived on a farm in Wisconsin.

The visit of these "country jakes" would upset all the plans which they had made for their Christmas vacation. Bill had expected to act as chief cavalier to Jim Weston's sister who would soon be home from Bryn Mawr. Betty had expected to give a most stunning luncheon for several of her girl friends.

Mr. Black had visited the two cousins the year before and knew how wealthy and popular they were, but he wanted his children to accept them in a hospitable manner. He was disappointed to find that his own children were inclined to be snobbish.

Bill and Betty pestered their father with such questions as, "How do they look?"

"How do they act?" and "How do they dress?" In response they received only, "Oh, they're very nice children, and nice, sensible dressers." Bill's mother preached kindness and politeness until they hated the words.

Accordingly, they concluded to cancel all dates for the holidays, and to submit to a week of "kindness and politeness." The next day Bill told the fellows to count him out of the dance—no possible chance when entertaining cousins who would want to sit around the fire, crack nuts and pop corn.

Father offered to get tickets for a musical comedy which was advertised, but they said, "No use to get tickets for a show like that; 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or 'East Lynne' would probably please them more." Father smiled, but said nothing.

Betty had lost all interest in the new party dress, and even refused to go with the bunch of girls, who were going to sing carols on Christmas morning.

On the day before Christmas the dreaded cousins arrived, but—they came in a Packard touring car, driven by their own chauffeur.

Bill and Betty soon learned that cousins Edith and Edwin were college students, and had only a week from school.

Their clothes proclaimed them far from being the "country jakes" they had expected.

Bill immediately decided to take Edith to the dance and Betty had visions of the envy of the other girls when they saw her handsome cousin Edwin.

But in the midst of all the sudden changes of plans, father took a hand, saying, "Well, children, I thought likely you would enjoy a good, old-fashioned, homey Christmas, so I persuaded Bill and Betty to cut out all the dances and parties this year."

"Very good, that will be fine," exclaimed Edwin. Bill and Betty exchanged glances, and their father continued: "We'll sit around the fire, pop corn and crack hickory nuts, and mother's going to make us some taffy." Mrs. Black said that she had invited her Sunday school class of little ten-year-old boys in to spend the evening.

"That reminds me," exclaimed Edith, "My Sunday school class at home are going out Christmas morning to sing carols; I am sorry to miss it; it's a lovely thing to do!" Betty was just ready to remark that they could go out to sing carols with her girl friends, when her father said dryly, "Betty doesn't seem to enjoy that; she thinks that it's too cold so early in the morning."

Christmas eve and Christmas day passed as mother and father Black had planned that it should. On Christmas night father announced at the dinner table that he and mother were going to see the musical comedy "Apple Blossoms," and added, "Here are a half a dozen tickets for Charlie Chaplin, whose latest picture is on at the Grand; take a couple of your friends." Bill and Betty had an inward chill, to think they had to miss "Apple Blossoms," the play in which their old schoolmate Bartley Sheldon was appearing.

Father was surely punishing them to the limit.

The time had expired for Edith's and Edwin's visit. When good-byes had been said, and the Packard was on its homeward journey, Edith remarked to her brother: "Poor little things! Auntie and uncle are surely very strict with them." "Yes," replied Edwin, "but you'll have to admit that we have had a most restful vacation; next year we will invite them to spend Christmas with us and show them what a really good time is." "Yes," said Edith, "we will show them Chicago at its gayest."

Back in the Black home Bill and Betty were solemnly promising each other that never again would they be doubtful about their "country cousins."

R. B. A., '22.

Someone hid a cap belonging to one of the boys. At noon it was found in Miss Thomas' desk. Now we aren't suspicious, but we just wondered—oh well.

Mr. Swank (in Solid Geometry): What is the matter with your drawing, Marie?

Marie D. (hesitating a little): It isn't right.

(Continued from page 10)

should be done under an expert by those who have physical defects, but we ought not to wait until we have a new building with a good gymnasium to begin the physical development of the ninety per cent. Not later than the beginning of a new school year we ought to inaugurate systematic physical training for all. During most of the time this could and should be out of doors but on very inclement days the halls of our present building could be used for vigorous calisthenics.

X. Y. Z.





## “BEST”

IS A SUPERLATIVE

In Pictures as in Everything Else.

Individual opinions make extremely dangerous the use of such a word.

Our programmes are varied—the productions are chosen from the cream of the world's market.

Yet regardless of cost or expense we will ever keep our admission charges within the popular range.

In short, we strive to meet the approval of every screen devotee—We have the right to say: "The following pictures are the BEST"

These productions will be shown in the near future:

“The Wreck,” “The Perfect Lover,” “The Broken Butterfly,” “Erstwhile Susan,” “Broken Blossoms,” the second Big 4 production, “When the Clouds Roll By,” the third Big 4 production, featuring Douglas Fairbanks,

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Our signature above has the same meaning as Sterling has to silver.

## HONOR ROLL.

### Room 15.

Three grades above 90 and the fourth passing—Elizabeth East, Geneva Frye, Edith Catlin, Marie Dodd, Dorothy Driscoll, Alma Bollerer, Clara Johns, Paul Harlow, Robert Flannigan.

### Room 17.

Four grades above 90—Grace Moore.  
Three grades above 90—Goldie Kerr, Sara McConnell, Mary Rosebraugh, Anna Rodgers, Zona Tavener, Frank Taylor, Rutland Smith.

### Room 11.

Three grades above 90—Dillon Dunlap, Benjamin Kibler, Edwin Linthecum, Page Weston.

### Room 19.

Four grades above 90—Mary Allison, Helen Boss, Theima Ewers, Charlotte Knauss, Muriel Long, Warren Whitney, Eunice Kellenberger.

Three grades above 90—Fred Bash, Virginia Browne, Eleanor Hubbard, Anna Leidy, Charles Eifinger.

### Room 20.

Four grades above 90—Katherine MacMillen, Mabel Owens, Ruth Rogers, Gladys Smith, Miriam Thompson.

Three grades above 90—Mary McPeak, Lester Newkirk.

### Room 7.

Four grades above 90—Marguerite Smith.  
Three grades above 90—Virginia Woltjen, Mary Settles, Sarah Weld, Helen Warman, Martha Belle Sprague, Richard Schiedler.

### Room 1.

Four grades above 90—Naomi Alspach, Ellen Barnes, Ethel Cooperrider.

Three grades above 90—Thelma Adams, Margaret Dorey, Helen Gregg, Elizabeth Haban, Mildred Hare, Lela Hendron.

### Room 2.

Four grades above 90—Helen Jones, Ruth Kinsey, Helen Ranney.  
Three grades above 90—Mary Prehoda.

### Room 5.

Four grades above 90—Dorothy Hirshberg, Robert Graeser, Paul Handel.

Three grades above 90—Olive Hoskinson.

### Room 6.

Four grades above 90—Martha Morgan.

### Room 12.

Three grades above 90—Francis Pryor.

### Room 26.

Four grades above 90—Gladys Parkison.

### Room 13.

Four grades above 90—Bertha Clutter.  
Three grades above 90—Bertha May Bean, Martha Bender, Dorothy Bline.

The "Reveille" will follow a definite schedule this year. The dates of publication, if the printers are prompt, are as follows:

January 23rd, February 27th, March 26th, April 30th.

The paper will go to press about two weeks earlier than the above dates.

Open the door to the gab room  
And the Seniors will come in,  
Open the door to the gab room  
And the Juniors will come in;  
Tell us that we may enter—  
We'll not raise any din.  
Open the door to the gab room,  
Let everyone come in.

## THE BONNIE BOY AND THE MAID WITH THE YELLOW HAIR.

There was a maid with yellow hair  
Who strolled along the high school hall.  
Her hair was curled, with puffs, a pair,  
Until she had no ears at all.  
Her eyebrows, too, had changed been—  
No Christmas goose was plucked more clean.

A glass of fashion, mold of form,  
A glass of fashion, mild of form,  
A gen'le knight was he.  
So short of hair as this one was  
One never more doth hope to see.  
This bonnie lad soon met the maid  
With yellow hair—and homage paid.

Said he to her: "What puffs you have!  
Your ears will surely not get cold!"  
Said she to him: "Where is your hair?  
Have you it to the barber sold?"  
Then all his homage turned to gloom,  
And he went striding to his room.

The maiden with the yellow hair  
Then shook each yellow, fuzzy puff.  
Said to herself: "What do I care?"  
And strolled away in pretty huff.  
So Christmas romance there was none  
'Twixt fluffy maid and close-cropped son.  
S. W.

Charles L. (in American history): "The earth is the shape of a baking powder can."

LADIES' WEAR

MEN'S WEAR

DOMESTICS

FULL LINE OF TOYS

SECOND FLOOR



EVERYTHING FOR XMAS SHOPPERS

MILLINERY

INFANT'S WEAR

NOTIONS

# EMERSON

## The Holiday Season

It is quite the usual thing for Christmas shoppers, especially Mothers, Daughters and "Best Girls" to depend upon a man's store. Time was when gifts were given simply as a remembrance; they could answer no practical purpose—nor were they meant to. But now the useful, wearable gift has made an indisputable place for itself.

*Practical Gifts are Here*

### SHOP EARLY

Make Your Selections from this Wonderful Stock of

#### SUITS

Umbrellas

Neckwear

Handkerchiefs

Hosiery

#### OVERCOATS

Bath Robes

House Coats

Sweaters

Shirts

#### RAINCOATS

Suit Cases

Hats, Caps

Gloves

Novelties

Christmas Money Club Checks Cashed Here

## ROE EMERSON

Cor. Third and Main